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Untitled

Ed Cilley
College of DuPage

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Brother Preacher Caterpillars With The Gospel

We can only climb into the rain stuck sac,
brothers and sisters,
with the courage of resurrection;
ye of little faith, stay worms.

Lee Kesselman

She

Once upon a hill stood a proud old oak
Upon its bough did grow many small ones
Upon its leaves lived many a one
Upon its branch did climb the leggers, the peggers,
and those with feet less leggers.

As low this tree the rain spewed
then turned to snow;
And on this fat the snow flowed
then turned to rain.
And the snow poured down and framed,
the snow and the tree.
But the oak was old and its strength grew
even more slowed.

So, one day the tree keened and sighed
and bent under the load.
'Twas a sad day when all was so heavy.

Ed Cilley

Then the tree-cutters came and cut the proud oak down
"For progress" (They say)
"Must make money and furniture;
paper and confetti..."
Need to build houses and garages;
print books and put fences
around yards and farms to keep
animals in and men out!"

This proud old oak had many rings
Everyone who saw knew things
like how old and strong she was
like how so many little ones and wee ones
lived on her, because of her —
Were because she was!

While the oak stood and supported — she looked beautiful!
When she was cut-up — she looked different!
No one knew for sure who she was —
Only that she was the Oak on the Hill.

Marilyn Kremnitzer